



POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker for September.
THE PRINTER.

"The printer in his folio, heraldeth the world. Now come tidings of weddings, makings, mummies, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sea-fights, law-suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as if in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating, robberies, enormous villanies of all kinds, funerals, trials, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, and so forth.—Thus do we daily hear such like, both public and private news." *Old Burton.*

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,
By the swinging lamp dimly burning;
All silent within save the ticking type,
All without, save the night-watch turning;
And heavily echoed the solemn sound,
As slowly he paced o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the menses so lately that shone,
With the joy of festivity gleaming;
And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,
Were now living in their dreaming;
Yet the PRINTER still worked at his lonely post,
As slowly he gathered his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down,
And building bright hopes for the morrow,
Nor dreamed he that Fate was then weaving a wand,
That would bring to him fear and sorrow;
Yet the PRINTER was there in his shadowy room,
And he set in his frame-work that rich man's doom!

The young wife was sleeping, whom lately had bound
The ties that death only can sever;
And dreaming she started, yet woke with a smile,
For she thought they were parted forever!
But the PRINTER was clicking the types that would tell
On the morrow, THE TRUTH of that midnight spell!

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow
And restless, the pillow was pressing;
For he felt, through the shadowy mist of his dream,
His loftiest hopes now possessing;—Gloom,
Yet the PRINTER worked on 'mid silence and
And dug for ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up
His budget of grief and of gladness,
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,
For the happy a cup full of sadness;
Strange stories of wonder, to enchant the ear,
And dark ones of terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host
Shall bear
To palace and cot on the morrow;
O welcome, thrice welcome, to many a heart!
To many a bearer of sorrow;
It shall go like the wind and waning air,
For life and its changes are impressed there.
Boston, Aug. 13, 1843. *Modes.*

THE SHOEMAKER.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"Act yeell your part, there, all the honor lies."
The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,
With lapstone over his knee,
Where, snug in his shop, he defied all weather,
Drawing his quarters and soles together;
A happy old man was he.

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew;
He bristled his ends, and kept them going,
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast;
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in healing
Was perfect and true, to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skilful hand,
He took the proportions with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold, or cough,
For many a foot did he save from wetting
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending,
With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench to the grave descending,
As high as a king to his rest.

MISCELLANY.

CUT DIRECT. A young lady, with a horse and wagon, was driving from New York to Westport. She overtook a young man going the same way, and as her horse became rather unmanageable, she requested him to jump in and drive for her. As he was getting up into the wagon, "My!" said she, "you have been drinking rum!" and, pushing him, she put whip to the horse, and dashed off as though "Old Nick" was after her. The young man afterwards declared that she must be one of the "smelling committee," for it had been an hour since he had drunk anything. Yes, good sir, all these Martha Washingtons belong to the "smelling committee," and they can smell the "critter" though a pound of spice may lay on top of it!

A Leaf from the "Annals of the poor."
That precious juvenile who uttered the expressive exhortation—"Kick him Bill, he's got no friends!"—had a perfect knowledge of human nature. He was decidedly a philosopher, and had studied "the race" with no small success. He fully appreciated the maxim which regulates the conduct of so many of the bipeds who happen to be clothed with a "little brief authority."

We dare say there are many who know so little of human nature, and are so ignorant of the moral physiology of the human heart, as would not credit the statement that in this very christian city, and amongst the officers of a charitable institution, there is an individual, who gave the other day, a demonstration of heartlessness and brutality, which casts the philosophic school boy, to whom we just now alluded, completely into the shade.—Well, believers in the dignity of our nature, and the tender mercies of official dispensers of alms, we pity you, but ask you to listen to the following recital:

The other day, a young female modestly clad, but pallid and emaciated, and bearing in her arms an infant which was soon to be released from all its sufferings, presented herself as an applicant for alms at a public charitable institution.

"What do you want—why do you come here?" asked in a harsh growling voice, a smooth faced well fed man who sat at a desk in the office.

"Sir, I have no home," replied the poor creature thus ruffly addressed—"I am starving," she added in a husky voice, as she staggered from exhaustion against the railing in front of the desk.

"I don't believe her," said the smooth-faced well-fed gentleman to another who sat beside him—"she's too clean and tidy," and then with a repulsive grin, intended for a smile he turned to the poor girl, and asked, "where is your husband?"

"I don't know, sir," said she, and after a pause, whilst the tears flowed fast, and she grasped the railing for support, she added—"he has left me!"

There was no mistaking those accents, they were the truthful offspring of a broken and bleeding heart. But the giver of alms was too much of a philosopher to be moved. The grin became more hideous than before, and looking the wretched woman hard in the face he said—

"Well, well, I suppose your husband has gone after some other woman, and you had better go after some other man."

The pallid and wasted cheek of the poor creature thus inhumanly insulted, was now crimsoned over, and pressing her dying child to her breast in a frantic embrace, she rushed from that demonic presence, doubtless soon after to find a refuge in that land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Reader! this is no fancy sketch—it is the unvarnished narrative of a scene which actually occurred in this city within the last week. We have the name of the witness—one of our most respectable citizens—and we know that of the brutal author of this wanton insult. The matter shall not rest here—a storm of public indignation shall yet be aroused, which shall cover the inhuman assailant of poverty and woman's heart, with perpetual infamy.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

The happiness of the wife is committed to the keeping of the husband. Prize the sacred truth; and never give her cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in you. In contemplating her character, recollect the materials human nature is composed of, and do not expect perfection.

Do justice to her merits and point out her faults; for I do not ask you to treat her errors with indulgence, but then endeavor to amend them with wisdom, gentleness and love.

Do not jest about the bonds of a married state. Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions—Your interest is hers; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation; then if the affair turns out ill, you are spared reproaches both from her and your own feelings. There is in woman an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration and foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice.

If you have any male acquaintances, whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign, do so. Never witness a tear from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial; but a tear is unequivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched; and do not, I again repeat it, do not behold it with coldness or insensibility.

Let contradiction be avoided at all times.

Never upbraid your wife with the meanness of her relations; invectives against herself are not half so wounding. Should suffering of any kind assail your wife, your tenderness and attention are particularly called for. A look of love, a word of pity or sympathy, is sometimes better than medicine.

Never reproach your wife with any personal or mental defect; for a plain face sometimes conceals a heart of exquisite sensibility and merit, and her consciousness of the defect makes her awake to the slightest attention or inattention. Then in the presence of others, let your wife's laudable pride be indulged by your showing you think her an object of importance and preference. The most trivial word or act of attention and love from you gratifies her feelings; and a man never appears to more advantage than by proving to the world his af-

fection and preference for his wife.—Never run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women in presence of your wife; she does not love you better for it. Much to be condemned, is a married man constantly rambling from home for the purpose of passing away time. Surely if he wants employment, his house and gardens will furnish him with it, and if he wishes for society, he will find in his wife, children and books the best society in the world.

There are some men who will sit an entire day with their wives and scarcely a word escape their lips. This is wrong, you should converse freely on all such occasions. Be always cheerful gay and good humored. When abroad do not avoid speaking to your wife. Few women are insensible of tender treatment. They are naturally frank and affectionate, and in general there is nothing but austerity of look, or distance of behavior that can prevent those amiable qualities from being evinced on all occasions.

When absent, let your letters to your wife be warm and affectionate. A woman's heart is peculiarly formed for tenderness; and every expression and dearment from the man she loves is flattering and pleasing to her.

A husband, whenever he goes from home, should always endeavor to bring some little present to his wife.

In pecuniary matters do not be penurious or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all worldly possessions. Besides, really a woman has innumerable trifling demands of her purse; many little wants which is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which even if he went to the trouble of investigating he would not understand.

SOLITUDE The songs are over, and the small singer gone to her heather bed. There is a Highland moon! The shield of an unfallen archangel. There are not many stars, but those two—ay, that one—is sufficient to sustain the glory of the night. Be not alarmed at that low, wide, solemn, and melancholy sound.—Runlets, torrents, rivers, lochs, and seas—reefs, beaches, forests, caves, and cliffs—all are sounding together a choral anthem. Gracious heavens! what mistakes people have fallen into when writing about solitude! A man leaves a town for a few months, and goes with his wife and family and a travelling library into some glen. Friends are perpetually visiting him from afar, or the neighboring gentry leaving their cards, while his servant boy rides daily to the post village for his letters and newspapers. And call you that solitude? the whole world is with you morning noon and night. But go by yourself, without book or friend, and live a month in this hut at the head of Glenivie. Go at dawn among the cliffs of yonder pine forest, and wait there till night hangs her moon lamp in heaven. Commune with your own soul and be still. Let the images of departed years, rise, phantom like, of their own awful accord, from the darkness of your memory, and pass away into the wood gloom or the mountain mist. Will you quake before them, and bow down your head on the mossy root of some old oak, and sob in the stern silence of the haunted place? Feelings, passions, spectral deeds, will come rushing round your lair, as with the sound of the wings of innumerable birds—ay, many of them like birds of prey, to gnaw your heart. How many pleasures devoured! How many wickednesses perpetrated! The desert looks more grim, the Heaven lowers, and the sun like God's own eye, stares in upon your conscience!—*Prof. Watson.*

WHOLESALE TRUTH. The swaggerer is invariably an impostor; the man who calls loudest for the waiter, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than any body else in the room, when the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence, to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what is due to them never display irritability or impetuosity;—their manners insure civility, their civility secures respect, but the blockhead or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce an effect, is sure whether in clubs or coffee rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the community, the most overbearing in his manners towards his inferior,—the most restless and irritable among his equals—the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.

THE GHOST CHILD. There are those yet living in this very neighborhood who remember, and relate with an awe which half a century has not abated, the story of Ruth Blay, and the Ghost Child!—Ruth was a young woman, of lively temperament and great personal beauty.—While engaged as the teacher of a school in the little town of Southampton, N. H. (whose hills roughen the horizon with their showy outlines within view of my window at this very moment) she was invited to spend the evening at the dwelling of one of her young associates.—Several persons were present of both sexes. The sun was just setting, pouring its soft rich light into the apartment. Suddenly, in the midst of unwonted gaiety, the young school-mistress uttered a frightful shriek, and was gazing with a countenance of intensest horror at the open window; and pointing with her rigid, outstretched arm at an object which drew at once the attention of her companions. In the strong light of sunset, lay upon the sill of the open casement, a dead infant—visible to all for a single moment, and vanishing before the gazers could command words to express their

amazement. The wretched Ruth was the first to break the silence. "It is mine, my CHILD!" she shrieked; "he has come for me!" She gradually became more tranquil, but no effort availed to draw from her the terrible secret which was evidently connected with the apparition. She was soon afterwards arrested, and brought to trial for the crime of child murder, found guilty, and executed at Portsmouth, N. H. I do not, of course, vouch for the truth of this story in all respects. I tell the story as 'twas told to me.—*J. G. Whittier.*

TRAINING ANIMALS WHILE YOUNG. Solomon says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' This is true in regard to children as a general thing, but it is, if possible, more true in regard to animals of the lower orders, for they, not having so much scope of intellect, are not led about by propensities which so often overcome all the dictates of reason and salutary trainings of youth.

Every domestic animal, from the hog upward, is susceptible of education more or less, and should receive it when young. The little pig if subject to being handled, and rubbed while with its dam, is always much more manageable when it becomes a hog, and may even become amiable, in a hogish way, and very susceptible to the 'Mesmeric influence' of a rubbing in a proper manner, to the tickling of his sides to make him 'shoulder ever' and go into a state of 'clairvoyance.' If farmers or farmers' sons would take a little more pains to familiarize young animals, such as calves, we should not have so many vicious, kicking cows, nor headstrong, crowding, runaway oxen. But this system would be still more productive of good among horses than any other class. The Arab horses are supposed to possess more natural docility than any other breed.—Perhaps they do—but we doubt if they are endowed by nature with any more kindness of spirit than those of any other country. The account given of their management, by travellers, explains the whole mystery. The Arab and his family become familiar with their horse, even lying down to sleep with him and playing with him, so that he is perfectly broke by the time he is a month old. In this country, many colts are never so much as touched, much less handled and caressed, until they are three or four years old, or large enough to use. And they are conquered, rather than tamed by kindness.

Hence it is no wonder that we have horses that are hard to catch in the field, when they see a man coming towards them—or are shy, or contrary and vicious. It is only the rising up of that spirit of defiance which nature has implanted in them. Their first knowledge of mankind commenced in war, and their instinct leads them to look out for a battle whenever they have any thing to do with him.

A little, very little time, spent with such animals when young, would save a vast amount of trouble, labor, and vexation with them through their lives.—Train them while young—it is not necessary to work them any to make them familiar with all the routine of duties that will be required of them when older; but familiar handling, and training them to the word and the will, is all that is needed.—*Maine Farmer.*

We clip the following from one of Mr. Wood's latest letters from Ireland:

"The coach, at several of the first changes out of Dublin, was beset by an unusual number of very importunate beggar women, whose claims were urged sometimes in the most piteous accents, and at others, with an adroitness and humor quite amusing. At Drogheda, the beggars besieged us in a way which, tho' embarrassing to a young lady, was quite amusing to the other passengers. In handing this lady into the coach after dinner, a woman approached us saying, 'Your honor will sure give something to a poor, starving widow for the sake of the sweet lady that owns you.' To get rid of this mode of attack, I gave her a penny. This encouraged another, who exclaimed, 'Your honor's a happy man, with such a beautiful lady by your side. Don't forget a poor creature with eight starving children!' She got her penny and departed only to give place to a third, who began, 'Long life to your honor and to your honor's beautiful lady. May you find the sweet little ones quite well when you get home.' This one gave place to another who commenced, 'God bless your honor and long life to your honor's jewel of a lady. It was a lucky day she made choice of your honor, who is so good to the poor widows.' This, to use a cant phrase, 'was coming it too strong,' and the lady exclaimed, 'Go away, I am not married at all!' But nothing daunted, she continued, 'Well, if not married already, is soon you will be, for you're too good and sweet a lady to let his honor be breaking his heart for you.' My small coin was exhausted, and rather than stand such a fire the lady gave the beggar a penny herself, when we were spared further annoyance by Guards 'all right' to the coachman, the crack of whose whip dashed the hopes of half a score of other 'widows' who were gathering for the onset.

The steam ship Britannia left Boston Saturday, at 2 o'clock, with 33 passengers for Liverpool, and 5 for Halifax.—Also, 14,000 letters, and a good sized cart load of papers.—*N. Y. American.*

SEAL FISHERY. According to late accounts the seal fishery of Nova Scotia has been very successful the present year. One vessel is reported to have cleared in the space of three weeks about \$6000.

MISSION TO WEST AFRICA. The Rev. John Clark has returned to Jamaica, to take up the compliment of the new mission to Fernando Po, on the coast of Africa. He expects to be joined by eight or ten colored Jamaicans, the 'fruits of emancipation,' who are prepared to labor as missionaries of the cross in their father-land. Strange that the religious press of the United States, so zealous for missions conducted by slave-holders, should know and say so little on this mission, composed chiefly, and supported wholly by freed slaves.—*Free American.*

A STRANGER. Green Erwin, Esq., who has been on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, writes to the editor of the Arkansas Intelligencer as follows.—"I took an animal of the lion or panther species. It is a stranger to Buffon or Goldsmith, and to us all. It is a bright, fierce, most ferocious animal I suppose, that ever fell into the hands of the human species. It was caught in a wolf trap."

SINGULAR DEATH OF A CHILD. An interesting child about six months old, daughter of Deacon Moses Wheelock, of Barre, Mass., lost her life on the 19th ult., in a most singular manner. An attendant left the room where she was lying quietly on a bed, and returning in a few minutes, the child was found to have crept to the side of the bed near the wall and slid off. Her body passed between the bed and the ceiling, through an aperture not big enough to admit her head, and she remained suspended by the chin until life was extinct.—*Times.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY GEM.

THE 'GEM' and 'LADY'S PAGE' will hereafter be published under the title of the 'Religious and Literary Gem.'

The principal features of the work will be the same as have been presented in the 'Gem' and 'Pearl.'

1. All light reading of doubtful tendency will be carefully excluded from its pages. Pure and unadorned religion will find in its warm advocates; but nothing in the slightest degree sectarian shall ever be admitted.

2. Party politics and extraneous topics shall find no place among any of our articles.

3. The soundest nature of the old world and the new will be continually sought after, that we may spread a repast of healthful knowledge before our readers.

4. Science, the arts, and the variety of the works of nature shall furnish us material from their ever ample stores.

5. Engravings, plain and colored, music, and all the advantages of good paper and type, shall be made to minister to the information and happiness of our patrons.

6. Original papers will be presented in every number, from such authors as we should feel happy to introduce personally to every lady and family by whom our pages may be read.

We feel convinced that such a periodical as the 'Religious and Literary Gem' is needed in this country, and will be sustained. We are satisfied that the Christian mothers of America will not much longer continue to place in the hands of their children the productions of authors with whom they are unwilling to have them personally acquainted. All that renders a christian home dear to the parental and support of every friend of religion, literature, science, and the arts; and as well to every lover of his children, his country, and his race.

We have secured the services of Rev. C. W. DENISON, as future editor of the 'Gem,' a gentleman whose literary and moral character are well known to the readers of our best periodicals. Please read the names of contributors which follow.

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LIN'S CELESTIAL BALM OF CHINA.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF MAN OR BEAST THAT REQUIRE EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—Perhaps you think that this Balm is intended to cure too many diseases, but we assure you that all diseases of this character, and many others that might be mentioned, are speedily cured, or in truth persons greatly relieved, by the use of this medicine. We earnestly request the afflicted to give it a fair trial.

Have you a pain or weakness in the small of your back? If so, apply the Balm freely morning and evening with the flat of your hand, and occasionally rub the part well with a rough cloth, and it will certainly relieve you.

Have you the rheumatism? If so, wash the part affected with cold water and castile soap, then bathe it with warm vinegar, and rub well with a rough cloth, and then apply the Balm with the flat of your hand, before the fire. Wash every third day, and use the Balm twice a day, and you will soon be free from this troublesome disease.

Have you a numbness or coldness in your legs, arms or feet? If so, rub the affected part well with a rough cloth, and then apply this Balm freely twice a day, and in a short time it will be removed.

Have you the Piles? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and in a short time you will be well.

Have you the Nettle Rash or Erysipelas? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and all unpleasant sensations will soon disappear.

Have you sprained yourself? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, rubbing well with your hand, and it will soon be removed.

Have you Bruises or Burns? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and you will soon be well.

Have you a Cut or a Wound? If so, apply the Balm with a feather, two or three times a day.

And are your Limbs or Joints Swollen? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and the swelling will soon disappear. Have you the Tetter? If so, apply the Balm every morning and evening, washing every third day with castile soap, and removing the scurf from the surface of the skin.

Have you a pain in your Breast or Side? If so, apply this Balm morning and evening, rubbing it well with the flat of your hand, and you will soon be relieved.

Have you Sore Eyes? If so, wet a soft rag with the Balm, and apply it on the outside of the eyes every night, going to bed. Have your ears Frosted? If so, apply the Balm three times a day, and it will positively cure them.

Have you Corns on your Feet? If so, cut them well and apply the Balm, and it will generally cure them.

Have you itching or irritation of any parts? Then apply this Balm thoroughly and it will cure you.

Have you fresh wounds of any kind? Spread the Balm on linen and keep it bound on the parts, changing daily, and it will heal without proud flesh or inflammation.

Have you an old sore that won't heal? Keep the Balm bound on it, renewing it daily, and it will soon heal from the bottom.

Be sure you get the true Balm from COMSTOCK & Co., and no other.
V. ROSS Agent, Brandon, Vt.

STARTLING FACTS.
HUNDREDS of children and adults are lost yearly with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the one.

It is admitted by all doctors that a man, woman or child exist but what are sooner or later troubled with worms, and in hundreds of cases, and sad to relate, a supposed lever, scalding, cold, or some other ailment carries off the flowers of the human family—while in truth they die of Worms! and these could have been eradicated in a day, by the use of a bottle of KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, at the cost of a quarter of a dollar!

How sickening the thought that these things should be—and who can ever forgive themselves for not trying this WORM EXTERMINATOR, when they know that even if the case was not worms, this remedy could not by any possibility do hurt—but always good as a purgative—let the disease be what it may. How important then to use it, and who will dare take the responsibility to do without it? Let every parent that is not a brute, ask themselves this question in truth and soberness.

Mr. J. C. RINGOLD, had a child very sick, for near two weeks, and attended by a physician, without relief, when KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE was given, and next day more than forty worms were passed, when the child recovered rapidly.

A CHILD of a widow woman, living near the Manchester Water Works, had divided for a month, till near the end, with great dryness of the mouth, and itching of the nose. A humane lady, who called to provide for the family, sent immediately for KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, which brought away great quantities of worms for two or three days, and the child grew better at once, and regained its full strength in less than a month.

Several children in a highly respectable family in Broadway had come to a fatal extent, and were all cured rapidly with this Vermifuge. In some of the best families in the neighborhood of St. John's Park, it has been extensively used, from the circumstance of having eradicated a large quantity of worms, after all other remedies had failed, which was very extensively known in that part of the city.

A FAMILY IN NEW JERSEY saved several children by the use of it. One, a girl of eight years of age, had become exceedingly emaciated before the Vermifuge was given. The next day three large worms were dislodged, and she left off the Vermifuge, when she became again well, and had resort to the Vermifuge that finally brought away an incredible quantity of worms, and the cure was complete, and she gained her health rapidly.

A PHYSICIAN of standing, had doctored a family of children some weeks, without being able to restore but one out of seven to health. He had the liberality to send for KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, and cured the rest with it in less than a week.

In NUMEROUS cases other complaints were supposed to exist, and the persons treated for fever, &c. but finally a trial of this Vermifuge discovered the true cause of the sickness, by bringing away almost an innumerable quantity of worms, large and small, and the persons recovered with great ease. INSTANCES of this kind might be cited to an immense extent, but it is useless, one trial for 25 cents will show you one with astonishment the certain effects of this Vermifuge.

Caution.—Never buy this article unless it have "Dr. Kolmstock's Vermifuge" handemically engraved on the outside label, and the fac-simile of Comstock & Co., thus—

COMSTOCK & Co.,
New York, are the sole agents for it.
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ARE now receiving an extensive assortment of NEW & SEASONABLE GOODS,
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DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Crochery, Glass and Hard-Ware; almost all of which have been selected with great care from recent importations and domestic manufactures.

Having purchased their Goods at extremely low prices, they are enabled to offer them as low as can be purchased in this vicinity; and as great effort has been made to obtain the most Fashionable Goods in the market, they believe that those who favor them with their patronage will not fail to receive the most perfect satisfaction.

A general assortment of Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuff, Flour, T. I. Salt, Cod-fish and Salmon.
Brandon, Sept., 1843. 13:1f

EAGLE HOTEL,
State Street, Montpelier, Vermont.
BY S. KIMBALL.

The above house is pleasantly located on State street, near the State House, in a business part of the town, convenient for visitors and those having business at the Capitol. The House has lately been enlarged and thoroughly repaired, and no pains have been spared in fitting up and furnishing the premises with a view to the comfort and convenience of guests. As heretofore, the subscriber intends to keep a

TEMPERANCE HOUSE,
strictly on Temperance principles; and he hopes by assiduity to business, and attention and courtesy to his guests to merit a share of public patronage.
Members and others attending the Legislature are solicited to call. Charges moderate.
Montpelier, Sept. 10, 1843. 15:17